THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 84.

Dificile est propriè communia dicere.

It was long since the complaint of a writer, whose works are deservedly ranked in the first class of English literature, that no one had endeavored to distinguish himself by the publication of familiar letters, and that almost the only examples of epistolary writing were to be found in diplomatic communications, "which though they afford precedents to the minister and documents to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style or models of private correspondence."

The remark cannot in justice be repeated, though very probably the critical supremacy of Dr. Johnson would not permit the examples we might offer, to do away the force of his stately denunciation. It is true that the epistolary style in friendly communications may display elegance and taste, and discover the rich and beautiful mind in that charming and delightful *dishabille*, which is oftentimes more attractive than the full court-dress of state and ceremony; but it is true likewise that the concerns of friendship, the private avocations of the writer and the little incidents of domestic life, which for the most part would occupy the pages of a volume of this kind, would have no interest beyond the circle in which they were composed, and would be neglected or perhaps ridiculed by the world. Some strong extraneous circumstances must conspire to give them interest, or the most polished periods and the utmost harmony of sentences and style would be altogether ineffectual. For a person however, whose other compositions have endeared him to the public, whose genius has astonished or whose misfortunes distressed them, we might feel sympathy enough to follow through the pages of private and, as it were, colloquial communications; but it would show that the slightest concerns of our friends could interest and affect us, rather than that this style alone is popular and attractive.

And yet it is certainly true that a volume of familiar letters may be so constructed as to give wonderful pleasure and amusement. Who has not delighted to wander with the tenant of the *Leasows?* To survey his improvements, to share in his avocations, partake his feelings, divide his hopes and disappointments; and who is there that his letters do not make his companion, and of course a party to every domestic occurrence?—Can any body

read the letters of Cowper and not be his friend? Their elegance and ease and freedom are only ornaments to the virtues of the heart. You have the poet's own sentiments without reserve and his own language without constraint. It seems to be the familiarity of an old acquaintance who places you as one of the family at the breakfast table or the dressing room, and never considers your presence as the intrusion of a stranger, whom it is necessary to treat with a ceremonious reserve. You are charmed with the poet as you look over the manuscript copy of his Homer, you love the man as you see the generosity and kindness of his heart, and are ready to ascribe to Cowper as Pope did

"To Berkley, every virtue under heaven."

But the most voluminous specimen of familiar letters in English literature are to be found in the ideal creation of the novelist, if indeed I may be pardoned for placing these ephemeral productions in the ranks of literature.—It will not be suspected however by those who have attended to the previous numbers of the Wanderer, that he is in any shape an advocate or supporter of these crazy and idle performances; yet indiscriminate censure always induces a suspicion of the motive, and however improperly the general plan may appear, yet if the critic will not allow a solitary instance of merit in the execution, he will either betray a want of understanding or a deficiency of candor.

In considering therefore the familiar letters, which have been published in the English language, the Wanderer is compelled to say that some of the most finished models are to be found in these works of fancy, or rather literary dissipation. A display however of such taste and ability, as the justness of this commendation would suppose, might be supposed almost an antidote to the injury which the novel would occasion. Yet when we find that men of abilities and learning have chosen a novel as the medium of propagating those loose and libertine principles, which they have delighted to indulge and disseminate, we ought to beware of their intrusion into the most able and brilliant productions of this kind, knowing that even the strawberry vine and the rose bush, with all the beauty of its flowers, and all the luxury of its fruit, may serve as a covering for the most poisonous reptile.

There is however a peculiar advantage given to the author of a novel for adopting this style of writing. He can enliven the dullness of detail with the incidents of his story and has his choice of all possible situations, which can most interest his reader in the fate of the fictitious writer of his letters. To give variety to this species of entertainment, the novelist has diversified his pages with historical and with epistolary writing, and in the latter field, having the advantage of the ground, almost without a rival, no wonder he should so well succeed.

But notwithstanding the models that exist in English literature, we suspect the public taste is not extremely partial to letter writing, and it is to be regretted not so much because it prevents the publication of works of this sort, as because it does away that emulation which might take place in private correspondence and prevents the attention of individuals from being directed to a subject not the less worthy their attention because it would never meet the public eye.

Among the first advantages which education should confer is the ability of writing an easy and elegant letter. Who is there without some occasion for this accomplishment? Friendship, pleasure, necessity, business, all use this conveyance for the communication of thought. It annihilates space; it confers the possibility of holding conversation in spite of distance or time; it is the only connexion between separated friends, and the only memorial that can testify their existence.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid, [maid;
Some banish'd lover, or some captive
They live, they speak, they breathe, what love inspires [fires,
Warm from the soul, and, faithful to its
The virgin's wish, without her fears, impart
Excuse the blush and pour out all the heart, [soul,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

A packet which is sent to a distance, which may meet other eyes than those of friendship, which may be seized by power for inspection, and published by jealousy or resentment, pride, it should seem, would dictate to us that it should contain nothing to cause a blush, either for its sentiments or its style; and, as the mind of the author is traced on its columns, he should appear too refined to violate the principles of morality and religion, and too well educated to commit depredations on the language of his country by provincial barbarisms and grammatical mistakes.

Its neatness should descend even to its chirography, for we hold in utter contempt that affectation which represents a "catecornered scrawl of crooked ezards" as the hand writing of a gentleman, or makes illegibility to be an evidence of greatness.

As a branch of *female* education, we look on the capacity of letter writing to be of all things most necessary. It is common indeed to prefer those accomplishments which glitter to the eye, rather than such as are silently useful, and people are more in the habit of praising the proficiency that is calculated to astonish, than the acquirements which are contrived only to please. A young lady therefore, who will decorate her apartments with the labours of her pencil, or who converses in French or Italian, will, according to the present fashion of taste, be likely to rise far higher in public esteem, than she who can only retire to her secretary and in the plain dress of her vernacular language communicate to her friend the detail of her engagements, or embody in a letter the correct observations and elegant sentiments of a refined understanding.

But can there be a question which most deserves applause? The pictures, however well executed, are evidences only of patience and industry, and can never rival the labours of the professional artist with which they must be ever compared. The French or Italian, however well it is understood, can seldom be put in requisition, for the occasions are rare when a lady has necessity for using a more general language than her own, but letter writing is almost a daily occupation: it may sometimes be resorted to for amusement, but it is often imposed by necessity, and must at once determine the character of the mind, by taking away the charm of beauty and the elegance of manners that enliven conversation, and allowing the whole attention to center in the sentiments and the style.

We mean not however to disparage other accomplishments for the one we recommend, or to raise its char-

acter by depressing the rest. On the contrary it is our interest to elevate every ornament, that ever glitters in the female mind, to the highest rank of beauty, for, elegant as it may be, still the better evidence of a finished education will be derived from the manner of an occasional correspondence.

Yet with all its advantages the pen in female hands is to be used with moderation. Let it by no means be understood that the Wanderer while he recommends a knowledge of its use, and wishes that it may be directed with elegance, has any intention of recommending his fair readers to exert it for the public eye. He has too much esteem for them to desire that they should leave the proper circle of their duties. Of all monstrous productions he looks on a professed female author to be the most opposite to nature. He has no idea that the duties of the domestic circle and "the morality of the parental board" is to be exchanged for the bustle of literary contention and the caviling of critics; he has no idea that the appropriate sphere of female action requires to be illustrated by the pages of their poetry or the volumes of their prose. He would wish the sex to possess minds capable of admiring whatever is elegant and refined, and displaying whatever is beautiful and grand, to exercise the weapons of argument, and to sport on the light wings of rhetoric and taste; but he would by no means desire that they should become performers on the public stage, to attract the gaping eyes of impertinent curiosity.

The task of an author is no way connected with those pursuits which are within the prescribed circle of female engagements. The work must be executed in haste, and of course superficially; or it must divert the attention from those duties, which are more immediately connected with station of the writer as a *wife* and a *mother*. If we applaud the work which is produced, the praise of the head is an entire deduction from the virtues of the heart. To see a woman busying herself in the tumult and bustle of a camp, or *gleaning* through every by way and alley of the town the bulky materials of her volumes, or even disporting her imagination in the airy visions and splendid fictions of poetry, discovers a lamentable instance of perverted manners, and sinks the character, which might shine as a domestic divinity to the mere caterer for the public appetite.

By denouncing female authors, we do not mean to interdict them from ever appearing before the public; there is a wide difference between the professed labours of an author, and the transient effusions of mental vivacity and genius; between the compiler of a volume and the writer of a letter; between the pomp and dignity of ushering a book into public notice, and the facility of greeting the eye with occasional sentiments and cursory remarks. Letter writing, but not for the public, is the appropriate authorship of a woman, but it is delightful to see the contributions of female genius glittering in the periodical publications of the day, like stars in the coronet of evening. We mean by no means to prevent the accomplished female from the use of the pen: on the contrary we are delighted with her, when she holds it; but let it be taken as a pastime and not as a business, let it be connected with subjects with which it is her duty to be conversant, and let her take care that under the pretence of amusement, it does not interfere with more important and more appro-

priate avocations. We do not deny her the privilege of authorship from any ungenerous and illiberal suppositions, which would imply a deficiency of mind; on the contrary we have no doubt that capacity and talents every way abundant, confute the absurd position, which some have maintained with more vanity than wisdom, that the female mind is incapable of exertion. But authorship is out of the female line. We have no need of Amazons in the cabinet or the field; still the propriety of being able to give their thoughts by letter to their friends is forcibly urged on the sex, and as they value the reputation of a finished education they will be careful of the distinction, which this accomplishment confers.

If it be so *desirable* for a female to write in a correct and pleasing manner, how much *more essential* must it be to a man of education. He has daily occasion for the exercise of his pen, and there is as much room for propriety in the details of business as in the excursions of fancy. It is his duty to make himself acquainted with his vernacular language, and more disgraceful to him to be detected in vulgar errors, or even casual mistakes, than it is honourable never to be guilty of such illiterate blunders. E.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE.

(Continued from page 293.)

As long as Mr. Erskine continued the glory of the English bar only, it does not appear that the ministry viewed him with an eye of jealousy and distrust. For aught appears, he was suffered to amass to himself fame and fortune unmolested. The ministerial writers had no inducement then, to scrutinize his foibles, and to torture their dexterity by malignant representations to a scoffing multitude. It was the task assigned them to hunt down more obnoxious game. Another scene now opens itself. Our candidate was not content with the acquisition of fame at the bar; political fame was his object, and, if nobility is an evidence, he has fully accomplished his design. At the commencement of the French revolution, he attached himself to the party of Mr. Fox, and followed his file leader rather than consistency in his progress. When the horrible murder of Louis developed the designs of the national convention; when the bulk of Mr. Fox's party receded and went over to the ministry, Mr. Erskine was still found amongst the fourteen only that remained on the side of opposition. Here, he frequently and emphatically broke his lance in argument with that sturdy veteran in politics, Edmund Burke. One instance of Mr. Burke's retort is worthy of recording. Mr. Erskine in the famous prosecution against Hastings being counsel for the defendant, in one of his parliamentary speeches complained of delay and procrastination on the part of the managers. To put the force of Burke's reply, it is proper to know, that it was one of the dogmas in the creed of that great man, that lawyers from their confined habits of thinking were utterly incompetent to manage high and difficult matters of legislation. It is likewise proper to remark, that the English courts comprise twelve Judges who ride every year twelve circuits round the kingdom. "Does the honourable gentleman (replied Mr. Burke) imagine that the managers possess supernatural power over the winds and waves to compel

witnesses from India to attend the trial of Warren Hastings? Or is his imagination chained down to the dull formality of a Nisi Prius course of justice, capable of comprehending the magnitude of this impeachment, *any more than a rabbit who breeds twelve times in a year is competent to judge of the time proper for the gestation of an Elephant?*" Mr. Erskine did not rise to explain.—Speaking with the freedom of truth, Mr. Erskine in his parliamentary speeches on the great subjects of national policy sinks far below his natural standard. They resemble more the frothy ebullitions of our orators on the fourth of July, than that wide range of fact and information indispensably requisite for a politician. A man who should hear his parliamentary harrangues, would not believe that the person then speaking was the glory of the Bar.

When the bill for repressing seditious assemblies was brought before parliament by the minister, Mr. Erskine gravely contended, that the verdict which acquitted Tooke, Hardy and Thelwall of *high treason*, expressly negatived the idea that any sedition existed in the country! Even on the principles of nisi prius Mr. Erskine must have known that a man might be innocent of treason, and *yet guilty of sedition*. Aside from this, the absurdity of referring parliament to the opinions of twelve men indiscriminately gathered together, to learn what it was their duty to know from their own observation, is too glaring to notice otherwise than by a statement of the fact. Mr. Erskine exemplified the justice of Mr. Burke's remark. Many writers on the ministerial side of the question, now began an attack on the subject of the present memoir. Amongst the rest the author of the Pursuits of Literature, while revolving in his mind the immensity of his own importance, esteemed Mr. Erskine an object of sufficient dignity for his invective. Accordingly by learned quotations from Greek and Latin authors, he has proved the sunbeam fact of his egotism to an English reader, so plain, that no one can doubt it, who would call in such evidences to fortify that of his own senses. That Mr. Erskine should be accused of egotism is natural enough; but that he should be accused of egotism by the author of the Pursuits of Literature, every page of whose work glistens with the self-same transgression, is extraordinary indeed, and revives the memory of a proverb too vulgar to repeat ————.

Although Mr. Erskine sought for fame in parliament, let it not be supposed that he relinquished the former theatre of his glory, the Bar. Mr. Paine, who now honours this country with his presence, is a witness, both for the plaintiff and defendent that he did not. When he published a pamphlet, which he himself tells us is of immortal duration, the ministry thought it necessary to rescue it from public contempt, by prosecuting its editor. The familiar manner in which the venerable name of Mr. Burke is mentioned in those pages, gave it celebrity amongst the multitude and an indictment against its editor. In the nick of time the old alarm against the ministry was raised to give to this pamphlet a temporary importance, and it answered its object. Mr. Erskine advocated the side of the defendant so successfully that the jury without retiring from their seats or even without waiting for the reply of the attorney general, convicted his client. This trial being kept in the piles of the court, preserves to Mr. Paine's book that immortality which he plumes himself upon, and the only one it will ever have, *the*

immortality of a criminal record.

The speech of Erskine was however plausible, metaphorical, and ingenious; but neither for depth of research, blaze of fancy, splendor of diction, or an adhesiveness to argument, does it bear any comparison to what our own Ames or Dexter have frequently done.

A cloud is not more unstable than one sort of popularity; pillars of adamant not more durable than another. It would be ridiculous to deny to Mr. Paine the position of that fugitive thing. The brilliant bauble which the breath of the mob expanded to an enormous size, was soon to burst, and its very magnitude was the surest symptom of speedy and infalliable dissolution. Mr. Paine in one of his paroxisms, made christianity the object of his vengeance. A criminal process was instituted, and the publisher of the work was brought before a court of justice to answer. Erskine now exhausted those powers of eloquence to procure the conviction, which he had formerly done to procure the acquittal of Mr. Paine.—In this he was more successful than formerly; for the jury without hesitation confirmed by their verdict the justice of his sentiments. Whether Mr. Paine deserves the thanks of mankind more, for his Rights of Man, or for his Age of Reason is a problem difficult to solve. Both of them have confirmed, what they laboured to demolish, and where Mr. Paine has gained one disciple, thousands have apostatized to truth.—It redounds much to the honour of Mr. Erskine, to have maintained so powerfully as he did the cause of truth and justice against the principles of his former client.

The subject of our comments, once more attempted in one of his parliamentary speeches an attack on Edmund Burke. As counsel for Mr. Hastings, he complained of the injustice of making his client responsible for the guilt of his dependants, called to office by his will, and removable at his pleasure.—"*The commons of England (replied Mr. B.) scorn to enforce the lion-like paws of justice on reptiles and on insects.*"

Report has said, and with a considerable degree of confidence, that Mr. Erskine penned his remarks on Lork Marlmsbury's mission, to counteract the effect of Mr. Burke's letters on a regicide peace. The orator was here altogether mistaken in his estimation of his talents. The pen, and the tongue are modes of warfare *very different*. Mr. Erskine is not an expert combatant in the former; round and harmonious periods, when tricked off *with the graces of delivery* pass *for much*, but the language of the pen is destitute of those subsidiary ornaments. A book is a poor sluggish thing *incapable of attitude and gesture, its leaves are perfectly passive*, and the splendor of all the *typography* soon vanishes from the mind, when *its contents are consulted*. No airs which it's author may assume, however much he may swagger his own importance, can give solidity and importance to a *trifle*. Mr. Erskine's book was *therefore* caught at with avidity; the public read, really believed that they admired, and then forgot almost with the same facility that they perused the contents of the pages. It passed the atlantic with rapidity, received at first entrance an hearty welcome, and now lies decently interred, covered over with a mass of modern orations which may in the strictest sense be denominated literary sods.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Character of George II. By the late King of Prussia.

George was firm in his purposes, more covetous than economical, capable of labour, but destitute of patience; violent, brave, and governing England by the interest of his electorate, yet too little master of himself to direct a nation whose idol is liberty.

Character of the King of Portugal by the same.

This country, in the year 1740, made no figure in Europe. Don Juan was remarkable only for his extraordinary passion for the ceremonies of the church. By the Pope's brief, he obtained the right of having a patriarch, and a second brief, that of saying mass. Ecclesiastical functions formed his whole delight; his buildings were convents, his soldiers monks, and his mistresses nuns.

The Character of Czar Peter, and of the Russians, is described as forcibly in fewer words.

"The Czar operated on the Russians like aqua-fortis on iron."

The political rank of Holland is also painted by a single stroke.

"After England comes Holland which takes its direction from the former, like a small shallop from a ship of war to which it is attached."

His Majesty thus characterises the Poles.

"Poland is in a state of perpetual anarchy. The great families have all of them separate interests, and all preferring themselves to their country, they agree only in severity towards their vassals, whom they treat more like beasts than human creatures.—The Poles are vain, insolent in good fortune, servile in adversity; they stick at nothing to amass money, which having obtained unjustly they spend it prodigally; as fickle in their judgments as frivolous in their tastes, their measures are adapted capriciously, and abandoned without reason. The unsteadiness of their characters are continually plunging them into difficulties.—They have laws; but no one observes them, for want of coercive authority."

The King's Character of himself, in a letter to Voltaire.

"My dear Cessarion has given too advantageous an account of me. How fortunate it is to have such a friend. But allow me to undeceive you, and to trace my own character in a few words. I have but little merit, and little knowledge, but I have an extraordinary love of both, and an inexhaustible fund of esteem for persons of distinguished virtue. —Together with these qualities, I feel myself capable of all that constancy, which true friendship requires; with judgment sufficient to do justice to your great talents, but not enough to hinder me from writing bad verses."

When Pope composed the following lines on Fame,

How vain that second life in other's breath,
Th' *estate* which wits *inherit* after death;
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign; [*fine!*)
(Ensure the *tenure*, but how vast the *Temple of Fame.*

He seems to have had present in his mind, a single idea of Butler, by which he has very happily amplified the entire imagery. Butler says

Honour's a *lease* for *lives to come*,
And cannot be extended from
The *legal tenant*—. *Hud.* p. i. c. 3. v. 1043

"*All the world is*" MAD.

All mankind is mad 'tis plain,
Some for places
Some embraces;
Some are mad to heap up gain,
And others mad to spend it.

Courtiers we may madmen rate,
Poor believers,
In deceivers,
Some are mad to hurt the State,
And others mad to mend it.

Lawyers are for bedlam fit,
Or they never
Could endeavour
Half the rogueries to commit,
Which we 're so mad to let 'em.

Poets madmen are no doubt,
With projectors
And directors;
Women all are mad throughout,
And we more mad to get 'em.

FAME.

MUCH of reputation depends on the period in which it arises. The Italians proverbially observe, that one *half* of fame depends on that cause. In dark periods, when talents appear, they shine like the sun through a small hole in the window-shutter. The strong beam dazzles amid the surrounding gloom. Open the shutter and the general diffusion of light attracts no notice.

Pope's description of the death of the lamb in his "*Essay on Man*," is finished with the nicest touches, and is one of the most exquisite images our poetry exhibits. Even familiar as it is to our ear, one can never examine it but with the same admiration.

The *Lamb* thy riot dooms to *bleed* today,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play;
Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Literature has many revolutions. If an author could arise from the dead, after a hundred years, what would be his surprize at the adventures of his own work! I often say, "perhaps my books may be published in Paternoster-Row."

Horace Walpole.

LIGHT READING.

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On Self-importance.

LITTLE incidents are sometimes pregnant with instruction; and trivial circumstances, scarcely attended to by the majority of mankind, frequently furnish a clue that shall lead an inquisitive observer into the inmost recesses of the human heart.

One clue of this nature, my friend T. and myself picked up in the streets of W. and another upon our first entrance into the public room of the hotel where we now are.

As we were riding through the streets of W. the road divided, and being uncertain which to take, T. asked the simple question of the first person we chanced to meet.

"Good woman, pray which of these is the road to C?"

"Good *woman!*" cries the stranger placing her arms a-kimbo, and giving, a significant jerk with her head, "good woman, forsooth! I am no more a good woman than yourself, Sir. To let you know, I have lived in this parish seven-and-twenty years and a half, and never was called any otherwise than Mrs. Thompson, or Mrs. Mary, or so; and I'll not be good-woman'd at this time of life, I promise you; and so you may find your way for your pains, and learn to know who youspeak to at another time."

My companion made her a most obsequious bow, confessing that he was, if possible, more sensible of his error than herself.

Upon our arrival at this place, we were conducted into the public room by a very smart waiter, who most politely asked us, "What do you please to want, gentlemen?"

Unmindful of the dignity of office, I answered, "Why, the first thing I shall want is a pair of slippers, for my boots are uneasy: bring the jack, waiter."

The obliging smiles which were crowding into the muscles of his face, instantly checked themselves, and he precipitately retired. Bang went the door, the windows jarred, and the china

rattled on the mantle-piece. It took me upwards of ten minutes, with the aid of courteous language and a glass of wine to efface the severe contractions of his brow.

These two instances of self-importance are not so much to be considered as personal foibles in the parties, as faithful simples of human nature at large. This species of vanity runs through every class of men; nor escapes perhaps an individual in each class. All are vain of something, and think they possess some gift, some talent, some quality, which gives them a superiority over their neighbours; or at least enables them to maintain their balance. Thus doth the man of science prefer the acquisition of solid knowledge to the superficial frothiness of a wit, the wit considers the man of science as little better than a drudge, employed in the collection of materials for himself to play with; while the man of sober sense, considers the one as a pedant, and the other as a coxcomb, where they are not employed in the investigation of useful knowledge, or in putting vice and folly out of countenance. The historian, the geometrician, &c. value themselves for being in pursuit of facts solely: the speculative philosopher regards these facts merely as the foot-steps of investigation, and finds his superiority in the use which he makes of them; and an admirer of the *Belles Lettres* pitties them all, when they remain destitute of an improved taste, and refinement of their mental feelings. The divine swells with the idea of his being the man of God, and thinks himself, by virtue of his profession, as much superior to the physician and counsellor, as the soul is to the body or estate. The physician maintains, that, without health, a man can neither enjoy this world, nor suitably prepare for the next; and the advocate pleads, that he enforces those moral obligations, and secures that peace and property, without which health itself would be of little value. The king prides himself with being the sovereign of millions; and the minister is vain of being able to direct this sovereign as he pleases. The noble would resent being taken for a plebeian; and the man of independent fortune, were he suspected to be a tradesman. The wholesale dealer feels his superiority in not being obliged to serve behind the counter; and he that keeps a shop would ill brook being mistaken for his own journeyman. A purchaser of old clothes prides himself on not being a chimney-sweeper; and the latter that he can work for his living. A vender of toothpicks, or matches, thinks himself above a common beggar; and beggars value themselves according to their stands, or degrees of mutilation.

But, a truce to moralizing, and I shall content myself with relating several instances of a similar nature with those already mentioned.

I had once an occasion to inquire after a gentleman who lodged at the house of an apothecary in the Strand. But the name of this son of Galen having escaped my memory, I was determined, like a cork-cutter, or seller of vials, to make application at every shop of a medical aspect, from Temple-bar to Charing-cross. Seeing a bow window, adorned with red, blue, and yellow tictures, and with other artifices to take off the horrors of physic, I ventured to inquire whether Mr. B. was within.

"Sir, (says a formalist, suspending a spatula in his right hand, whilst he was holding the door in his left,) I know no such person."

"I understood he lodged here, Sir."

"Who gave you to understand such a falshood, Sir?"

"A concurrence of circumstances have let me into it, if it be one. My friend lodges with an apothecary on this side of the way, and near this part, and I concluded your's to be the house."

"Take my word for it, good Sir, your conclusion is false. As you seem to have trusted your eyes more than your memory, they might have undeceived you, had you read my inscriptions. I am a wholesale chymist and druggist, and no apothecary, I assure you. Nor are my rooms for lodgers, Sir."

As he was sensible that no reply was requisite, he would not stay for one; but, performing a quick evolution, he made a precipitate march behind the counter.

However, I soon after found my friend and was informed he was above stairs. Being my own pilot, I was steering directly into the drawing-room. The lady of the mansion begged leave to acquaint me, that she kept the first floor for herself and family; nor did she let

he upper chambers but to oblige a friend. Asking pardon for the mistake I ascended the second story. The gentleman received me with a confused countenance: was sorry I should take so much unnecesary trouble: blamed the servant for not calling him down to me in his lower apartments: and took care to hint it was merely from choice that he chiefly resided in the upper room, as it was the most airy, and freest from noise.

At another time I remember, being fatigued with peregrinations of the morning, I stepped into a genteel coffee-house, near Lincoln's inn, and ordered a gill of Lisbon.

"Sir, we sell no wine, by the gill, in this house," says a decent, well dressed lady, at the bar, bridling her chin, and rubbing her hands, to give emphasis to the declaration.

"Why, then, Madam, a small glass of brandy will do as well."

"Thou vulgar mortal! what, do you mistake the place of resort of the gentry for a gin shop? On the other side of Temple bar you may be accommodated with a threepenny glass; but I serve no such customers."

This was the only cordial I could get from my fair hostess, and it warmed me sufficiently till I got beyond Temple bar, where I found the desired dram heightened by the great civility of the attendant.

At another time, a shoe black near the Haymarket, seeing my shoes in a dirty condition, obsequiously saluted me with, "Japan your shoes, your Honour?"

Disclaiming every superiority of class, I answered, in the innocence and frolicsomeness of my heart, "Aye, come on, my Lord,* and I will give you sixpence if you clean them well."

"D—n you, and your money into the main," says my hero, throwing an old shoe into the pan, darting from a curve into a straight line, quick as an unstrung bow, and placing his hands by his sides, "I'd have you to know, Sir, I am as upright and well made a man as any in the kingdom, and no more a Lord than yourself, let me tell you."

"Come, come, Honesty, I know it, I own it; I was only willing to return the compliment you paid to my honour; be pacified, and I'll give the other sixpence to drink my health, that thou mayest be assured I meant not to insult thee."

"God bless your Honour, you are a gentleman every inch of you."

He returned to his work, my shoes shone like a polished mirror, and I was entertained with the history of his conquests over the fair, during the whole of the operation.

Diverted with the scene, I was willing to relate it my hostage in the evening, when I returned to my lodgings.

"Landlady, I have met with a humourous adventure to-day."

"Sir," said she, in a grave accent, "it is not the custom of London, whatever it may be in other places, to give that title to the mistress of a hotel; the expression is vulgar, fit only for a pot-house, or an inn-keeper's, and I wonder any gentleman can make use of it. However" added she, with ineffable condescension, "I shall be glad to hear of your adventure."

This sudden shock took away my inclination for a recital: and the better to evade it, I proposed deferring my narrative till after supper, especially as she seemed somewhat engaged. After supper I complained of being fatigued and sleepy, and begged to be conducted to my chamber.

"Mary," commanded the hostess, "show the gentlemen to the Dolphin."

"I shall be glad, Mary, if you will just air my bed."

The girl changed her complexion, bit her lips, and gave a toss with her head, which convinced me, that whatever freedom her mistress might take, I ought to have called her Mrs. Mary, or Mrs. Molly, at least; and, in order to make reprisals, she transfers the office to her fellow-servant.

"Sarah, shew the man that supped in the *George* to his room; and he is to have his bed warmed, I think my mistress says."

The man in the *George*, walking to his bed in the *Dolphin*, was as heartily mortified at being curtailed the dissyllable *gentle*, as any of those could have been, whose vanity had contributed so much to his amusement: and he learnt that he was not able to laugh at the follies of mankind, without his own being included in the number.

La Belle Assemblee.

* *"Aye my Lord" sometimes applied to old and deformed persons.*

POETRY.

THE SAILOR.

A TALE.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks the native shore,
As all its less'ning turrents bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her air.

Ah! how each dear domestic scene he knew:
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;
This the last wish with which its warmth could part,
To meet the smiles of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave;
When see and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet Hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plaintain-forest, waving wide,
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But, lo! at last she comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And, hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;
Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,
And clasps the Maid he singled from the world.

THE FARMER'S TREASURE.

WHEN the grey eye of morn peeps o[n] from the east,
Then the farmer abandons his pillow
If he lies to enjoy the soft blessing [of] rest,
Until Sol rises forth from the billow,
The fruits of past labour, by sloth[ful] neglect, [slighted]
In the womb of cold earth he [l]
Then the farmer laments that he ca[n] lessly slept, [e]
Whilst the blossom of industry's blig[ht]
But the secret is known
To poor farmers alone,
Whose first pride, whose delight, [a] whose pleasure,
Is to view o'er the land
Nature's bountiful hand [su]
Scatter plenty, the farmer's best tr[ea]
His pleasure,
The farmer, the farmer's sure treas[ure]
Now the dew-drop of eve is shed f[rom] the skies, [e]
And the farmer his work has comp[leted]
Then home to his cottage he cheerf[ully] hies, [seats]
'Mongst his neighbours and fa[mily]
A jug of brown nappy—oblivion of [care]
With a friend and his wife is qu[ite] cheerly;
He toasts his good landlord, he ble[sses] the soil, [dea[r]]
And his dame and his offspring l[ove]
Now this pleasure is known
To poor farmers alone,
Whose first pride, whose delight, [a] whose pleasure,
Is to view o'er the land
Nature's bountiful hand [s]
Scatter plenty, the farmer's best [gift]
His pleasure!
The farmer, the farmer's best trea[sure]

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